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The Lakes at Notre Dame.

FRANK EARLE HERING (*Belles Lettres*).

WHEN the sun shines in the morning on the lakes at Notre Dame,
And the meadow-land is ringing
With the lark's ecstatic singing,
And the elves leave off from dancing and the lake nymphs disappear;
When the pink light tints the water,
Tints the deep green of the water,
And the dew-drop on the daffodil is gleaming like a tear;
Then I wander by the lake-side,
In the glory of the sun-tide
When the sun shines in the morning on the lakes at Notre Dame.

When the moon drifts in the evening on the lakes at Notre Dame,
And the chime-peals rush forth streaming
Over waters that are gleaming
With the bands of swift light darting from the vestal oriflamme;
When the wavelets rock the marsh-grass,
Rock to sleep the spiny marsh-grass,
And a halo girds the Virgin watching over Notre Dame,
Then I wander by the lake-side,
Bathing in the mellow moon-tide,
When the moon shines in the evening on the lakes at Notre Dame.

When the stars blink in the night-time in the lakes at Notre Dame,
Every spar of star-light showing
In the clear deep, glinting, glowing,
As if many a gem were blazing in the bosom of the lake;
When faint music sways the grass-blades
Sways the slender, dew-gemmed grass-blades,
With the melodies undreamed of that the elves and fairies make,
Then I wander by the lake-side
At the coming of the star-tide
When the stars shine in the night-time on the lakes at Notre Dame.



Dust unto Dust.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

T has often been said that even though one man be a prince and another a pauper in life, both are equal in death. In one part this is true. In so far as the eyes lose their sparkle and become dull and staring, as the body loses its symmetry and becomes shrunken and shapeless, and as the fair red of the lips and the rose of the cheeks give way to the gloomy colors of death and decay, all of us shall some day be equal; but in this alone.

In life men really differ little. All have eyes to see, ears to hear, and souls one as good and lasting as the other. One wears rags; the other wears velvet. It is a foible of men to consider the difference between persons only in accidental or exterior things; for, in substance, all men are equal. Velvet puts a gloss on human nature. Riches make a person much more interesting to us, in spite of our belief in the much-repeated maxim, "Money maketh not the man."

In life, if one man possesses greatness of knowledge and virtue, and has honesty and uprightness of character, he is not noticed among the multitude. He, too, is a prince by his mantle, a beggar by his rags,—and it seems he is oftenest a beggar. Wisdom and goodness are praised by us in a superficial way. We look upon them as laudable because we think it is proper to do so; seldom because we are moved in ourselves to love and acquire them. So also the wise man is of the multitude in death. It is only in my possessions and power that I am looked upon as great. If I have wealth and live in luxury, have servants or slaves at my command, live without laboring, I am considered by many to be above those who serve me, who labor, and who, because of this, live little above poverty, never in luxury. It has scant dependence upon my interior perfections whether I shall be of high or low caste.

After the spark of life has gone out, the prince is again the prince; the beggar is again the beggar, until years or centuries, or even a score of centuries will gradually efface every mark of distinction and leave only dust for all. The monuments that wealth has made, the mausoleums it has built, will have come to their end—dust and ashes. Then the body of man will be naught and we must consider the soul; the

earth and the things of earth will be past and we look into the hereafter; mortality will have been destroyed, and we must live in the realm of immortality, in the land of eternity. That which was a grand tomb a decade of centuries ago is now a heap of drifting sand. That which was a human body is pulverized and scattered to the four winds.

But it is not the fate of all to have in death the wealth they had in life. Perhaps the friends of the dead will not wait for the ravages of time to take away the semblance to humanity. Hamlet says with truth: "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" For this to be done it is not necessary that the body return to dust to feed the plants. The fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, make our flesh a part of their own body. If it be our mischance, the beasts of the forest might devour us—so that which on earth obeyed the dictates of a human will is now subject to the instinct of an animal.

First of all we know not when or how we shall die; and we know less what shall become of our body after death. Burial is not the only custom, nor is cremation. "Since the religion of one seems madness to another," the disposal of the dead, which always has been looked upon as a part of religion, is brought about by different and contrary customs.

An old *Harper's* says: "The ancient Balearians chopped up their dead and potted them. The Calatians, it has been seen, ate them. The Bactreans gave them to dogs kept for the purpose; which, indeed, is stated to be the acme of mortuary piety at the present day among the Thibetans, who maintain a sacred race of puppies for the purpose. The Pontines dried the heads of their relations; the Coans pulverized their ashes in a mortar and scattered them in the sea. The Parsees expose their dead to be devoured by birds and beasts of prey. The savages of New Holland hang them in baskets upon trees; the Orinocos suspend them in a running stream until the fishes have picked the flesh off their bones, the skeleton being then interred. The natives of Lower Murray in Australia convert the skulls of their deceased friends into drinking cups."

These are the differences of customs. Besides these strange manners of disposing of the bodies of the dead, consider the numberless instances that depend upon chance, misfortune, or the whims of the living. Consider the prisoners of the dungeons of the Middle Ages—the death of Dubourg, as represented in the

museum of the Abbey of Mont St. Michel, the flesh eaten by the rats that infested his cell, and only the bones left behind the iron bars to tell the story of his death; the drownings in the deep sea, in which the bodies feed hundreds of animalculæ, and the bones are washed hither and thither by the currents forever. Artemisia, Queen of Halicarnassus, is said to have ordered the ashes of her husband, Mausolus, to be mixed with her beverage.

Strange and shocking as these modes of making away with the dead appear to us, to those who held them in use they seemed just and natural. The Calatians, who ate their dead, declared their abhorrence, as Herodotus says, of cremation; the Greeks, who burned their dead, were shocked at this custom of the savages. The manners of the father descend upon the son, and in the growth of several generations almost becomes a law which is never broken without much clamor on the part of those who remain faithful to it.

In spite of these variances, in all ages, from the beginning of time, there has always been paid some reverence to the dead. There is only one exception recorded, and even that has an air of improbability. The Caffres of South Africa leave the corpses of their friends to the beasts of the forest. Whether or not they pay funeral tribute is uncertain. It is thought that they merely abandon them or take them out of the way of the living.

The Indians of North America wrap the dead bodies in skins or bark, and hang them on trees or place them upon scaffolding built on the prairie. In time, these bodies fall a prey to the vultures and ants, and only the skeleton is left to be interred. Other tribes believe that the spirit of the unburied Indian wanders about restlessly and unhappily, which idea resembles that of the ancient Romans and Greeks, who believed that the shades of the uncovered dead were doomed to wander for an hundred years along the banks of the Styx of the infernal regions.

That the Indian might be well equipped for the Happy Hunting Ground under the shadow of Gitche Manitou, his horse, bow and arrows and hatchets were buried with him. This was also the practice of many peoples of old. In many of the tombs are found remains of ornaments, flint or bronze weapons, gems and the accoutrements of a warrior of the time. And, in some cases, so far went this belief in the material hereafter that the wives, and often the slaves, of the dead master were killed and

buried or burned with him, as are the Suttees of India.

In more modern times, murderers or criminals were denied the privilege of burial. The body was placed at the meeting of the highways, with a stake driven through into the ground. In England, at one time, those criminals that were killed upon the gibbets were surrounded with bands of iron worked together like a basket; and the bodies were allowed to swing there until the flesh was picked off by the birds or worn away by the wind and rain, and nothing but the skeletons dangled in these cages. Many writers speak of the dismal rattling of the bones and creaking of the chains when the wind swept across the moor and tossed the grawsome objects to and fro.

But, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "to be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking-bowls and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials." Perhaps this was the motive that urged nearly all the old nations to adopt cremation. Or, perhaps, the fear of death bade them remove the sight of decay and the traces left by the grim monster.

In the countries whereof we have the best knowledge—Greece, Rome and the nations of the East—the funeral pyre of cypress, yew, fir, or some other fragrant wood, covered with garlands of flowers and sprinkled with sweet-smelling oils, turned the body of many a king into ashes. It was a quick way of hiding the ravages of death and taking from the body all semblance to humanity—even as we nowadays cover the bier with lilies and ferns to draw the thoughts away from the sight of the dead.

The friends and relatives of the dead gather around the funeral pyre and wail energetically for the one who can not hear them. After the pyre has been lighted and the flames of the oiled wood have consumed their victims; after the hired mourners have shed their mock tears, the ashes and charred bones are given over to the burial urn, and thus to the tomb. Here it is that the carved marble, the rich cloths, make the man a prince again. Gems are placed in among his ashes; splendor is his even in death. The beggar finds a last home in a rudely-fashioned urn of earthenware and is buried underground.

It is curious, seemingly, that one mortal should withstand the action of the flames longer than another. In the "Urn Burial" these words are written: "Some bones make best skeletons;

some bodies quick and speediest ashes. Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heraclitus? The poisoned soldier, when his belly brake, put out two pyres in Plutarch. But in the plague of Athens, one private pyre served two or three intruders; and the Saracens burnt in large heaps, by the king of Castile, showed how little fuel sufficeth. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot, a piece of an old boat burnt Pompey; and if the burthen of Isaac were sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre."

Be the dead burned or buried, the tombs show the condition of life. The princes are those that builded for themselves the Street of Tombs, the Appian Way and the monuments in the Valley of the Dead along the Nile. The grave of the father of Croesus still marks the wealth of the one that made it; the pyramid of Gizeh is the last home of a king. The gold crowns of the Egyptian princess tell the tale of wealth.

The poor of ancient Egypt, though embalmed, rested in modest sarcophagi in caves, with no jewels, no monuments to tell who they were. The people of a later day imagined these mummies to have a power against disease, and the Jews made a traffic in them. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." Princes and beggars were torn from their resting-places and carried through the desert as so much gums or spices. As for the common mode of burial, men are heaped into graves in far different ways. In one Campo Santo of Italy is a building in which are three hundred and sixty-six pits and traps, one for each day of the longest year; the dead of each day are dropped into one pit, sprinkled over with quicklime, and taken out a year later to be buried. The skulls and bones of the dead of many centuries cover the walls of the catacombs of Rome and the caves of Mexico.

It matters little how our bodies may fare after death. The monuments, cenotaphs, mausoleums,—all shall crumble away as certainly as we shall come to death. Vanity is fragile and short living. As Browne says, again, "There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end. Ready—to be anything, in the ecstasy of being over, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus."

A Reformed Ghost.

A. W. S.

It was long after the electric lights had blinked and gone out. So absorbed was I in my book that the tower clock was chiming midnight before I realized the lateness of the hour. As the sound of the last stroke died away, I threw down my book and settled myself for a quiet think before retiring to the land of dreams. A letter lay upon my table.

It was from my old chum, Georgie Kamp. The letter contained bad news, and, as my eyes rested upon it, my thoughts journeyed miles away to the little Ohio town where Georgie lives. I was worried about Georgie. Only a week before I had received a letter from him, and from its contents I had judged that he was the happiest man on earth. He was engaged to Marie Gath, one of the prettiest and sweetest girls in Saline, and they were to be married in June. He had everything that should make a man happy, and yet that very afternoon I had received the letter on the table, and it told me that my poor chum was heart-broken. He had quarreled with Marie, and their engagement had been broken off. He had told me everything, and I was obliged to confess to myself that matters looked rather gloomy. I knew Georgie and I knew Marie. What is more, I knew that each was so proud that there could be but little hope of a reconciliation. I was sorry for them both, for I was certain that they really cared very much for each other. I also feared lest the quarrel should take all the ambition and courage out of Georgie and send him on the downward path. At first I resolved to write a note to each of the parties, but more mature reflection showed me that this might do more harm than good.

Finally I decided to go to bed, and to leave all vexing thoughts for the day time. Just as I reached this decision, I heard a peculiar noise out in the corridor. It sounded as if a chain were being dragged along, and as if it were striking against the heels of its bearer at every step. The unexpected is always happening in Sorin Hall, so I was not much surprised when the noise suddenly stopped and a knock came at my door.

"Come in," I called out wearily, for I had been bothered by visitors all the evening, and I thought that I was entitled to a rest at this time of the night. The door did not open, but

instead, a tall, white figure came right through the solid wall. I was startled—very much so, in fact,—but I was not going to be rude on that account.

"Good evening," I said.

"I'm a ghost," replied the figure in a sepulchral voice. This was an alarming statement, but still I did not feel the traditional uprising of the hair.

"You don't say so?" I answered. "I thought you were, but I was not quite certain until you said so."

"Aren't you scared?" it said, looking a trifle anxious.

"Why should I be?" I replied. "According to your own assertion you are nothing but rarified air, and air can not scare me unless it comes in the form of a cyclone." To tell the truth, I was a little bit nervous, but I was not going to show the white feather before a ghost.

"That's just the way with all you people, nowadays," sighed the ghost, wearily sinking down upon my window settee. "You study a few books, and find that we are nothing but ethereal shadows, consequently you are not afraid of us any more, and that takes all the fun out of being a ghost."

"Why, I didn't know that there was very much fun in going around groaning and making a fuss generally," I said.

"Well, that only proves that you don't know everything," it answered testily. "I'd like to know why in the world we would do such things, if we did not expect to get a little fun out of them. But this age is getting to be altogether too smart. A ghost don't get a fair show any more. I expected to have a good time out here tonight, but I got left."

"That's too bad," I answered. "What led you to expect a good time out here?"

"Why, this evening when I was down town I heard a fellow say that there wasn't even a ghost of the old-time hall-spirit left here any more, so I came out to fill the vacancy."

"I am afraid you won't like the job," I put in. "That spirit is so dead that even its ghost has gone out of existence, and you would have an awful hard job if you tried to fill the vacancy."

"That's just my luck," groaned the ghost, "I wish I were dead."

"I am sorry for you," I said pityingly. "Won't you tell me your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It all came from spiritualism and such bosh," it began, settling itself comfortably on the settee. "When I first went into the ghost

business I had a lovely house to haunt. It was an old colonial mansion with spacious halls inside and moaning pines without. It was an ideal place for a ghost, and I had a glorious time scaring people. Oh, those were good old days! A ghost was a respected personage then, but all my good times are things of the past.

"A spiritualist rented the house, and the very first time I appeared the old idiot hypnotized me and made me perform for his circles, as he called them. I have led a miserable life from that to the present time. I succeeded in escaping from him a couple of weeks ago, but liberty is almost as bad as servitude. I have not scared a single person since I have been in this part of the country.

"I heard of this place, as I told you, and I resolved to pay it a visit. Coming out here I stopped a little while with friends at the graveyard down the road. When I was leaving, a young man came by; I thought I would have a try at him. With a big, hollow laugh I floated up to the side of the fence and grinned at him.

"'Great Cæsar's ghost!' he exclaimed. Now I am not Cæsar's ghost, and it made me pretty hot to be called names. With another horrible laugh I made a dash at him. I expected to see him run, but instead of doing that he stood there and began to exorcise me.

"I never had such an experience in all my ghostly days. I was so much astonished that I sank right into the earth, and sneaked out here the back way. Don't you think that was a pretty mean trick to play on a poor ghost?"

I nodded, and it went on.

"When I got out here I clanged through the halls of this building, but I did not seem to cause very much excitement, so I went into a room. There was a fellow sleeping there, and I rattled my chains good and loud to wake him up.

"'Confound that bell! I wish it was in Iceland,' I heard him mutter, but before I could attract his attention he had turned over and begun to snore. I tried all my groans and laughs—I've a good assortment, too,—but I could not wake him up. I have visited nearly every room in the place, but every one seems to be dead. This is not a morgue, is it? You are the only person I have met here, and you do not seem to be much impressed by my appearance."

"Well, no," I answered. "You are too thin to cut much of a figure. Why, I can see right through you."

"You don't need an X-ray for that, do you?" said the ghost; and it gave such a hollow laugh

at its own joke that I felt cold chills running up and down my back. When the ghost got through laughing I began.

"But now to speak seriously, do you really think you are doing the right thing in spending all your time in frightening people? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You go around trying to make other people miserable, and yet that does not make you any happier. You deserve to be exorcised. Why don't you turn over a new leaf, and become respectable? You can do some good in the world if you only try. Do you imagine that just because you have become immaterial you can not do any material good? You have no right to seek pleasure in making other people suffer. You are not only useless when you act as you have been acting, but you are a curse to the world. Why don't you try to benefit the world, instead of being an object of terror to it?" But here the poor ghost seemed to become very much affected. He put his head down upon his knees, and began to sob as if he were heart-broken.

"There, there, old fellow," I said soothingly, "don't feel so badly about it. There's plenty of time for you to reform yet. Just make up your mind to become useful, and you will succeed."

"Do you really think so?" it asked hopefully. "I am sick and tired of the life I have been leading, and I would be only too happy to change it. But I don't know how, I don't know how." It looked so disconsolate that my heart went out in pity to it. "Don't you know of some good opening for a conscientious ghost?" it continued. "I would do my best if I only got half a chance."

I scratched my head for a moment. This was a very peculiar situation. I could not think of a single position in which a ghost could make himself useful, although I was ready enough to tell the ghost to become of some good to the world. It is well enough to give advice, but it is not so easy to help to put the advice into practice. Then I suddenly thought of Georgie and Marie. With a bound I was on my feet, and trying to pat the ghost on the back.

"I have it, old boy," I exclaimed, as my hand passed through his shadow. "If you want to do something of real use I have just the job for you. It's a great deal better than groaning and uttering hollow laughs. I've a chum who is in love with a young lady. The young lady is also in love with my chum. They have had a quarrel, and unless something is done they are

liable never to make up again. Now, I want you to bring them together. Will you do it?"

"But how can I?" asked the ghost, and I noticed that it appeared to be interested.

"Why, all you have to do is to go to the city in which they live, and appear to the young lady as the ghost of the young man, and appear to the young man as the ghost of the young lady. If you work it right you can frighten them to a reconciliation within twenty-four hours."

"Whoopee!" shouted the ghost, "I'm off."

"But wait a minute till I give you your instructions," I interposed. "You don't know the young people yet, and you are liable to get mixed up." Then I pulled out my photograph box, and showed the ghost the pictures of the lovers. I described the exact location of their homes, and gave it such minute directions that it would be impossible for it not to find the right persons. As it set out, the ghost wrung my hand as best it could, and with ghostly tears rolling down its face it blessed me.

"You have made a changed ghost of me, my friend," it sobbed. "Hereafter I shall devote myself to the task of reconciling lovers. No more useless scaring of people for me. This night's visit has made me a new ghost, and I shall always be grateful to you. If you ever need my services in my new line just let me know, and I shall come to your aid. Receive the thanks and blessings of a reformed ghost. Farewell!"

That was the last I saw of his ghost-ship, but the following letter, received three days after its visit, will explain itself:

"HELLO! OLD MAN:

"Your kind letter was just received. Marie and I made up yesterday. The night before last I had a horrible dream in which her ghost appeared to me and told me that she had died of a broken heart. It was so realistic that I could scarcely believe that I was dreaming. I went to see her early the next morning, and the welcome I received assured me that she was just as anxious to make up as I was. We are going to be married right after Easter. We can not possibly wait until June, for fear we should have another quarrel. Remember you are to be best man. Ever your old chum,

"GEORGIE."

This is the story of the reconciliation of George and Marie. If any one doubts the truth of the tale, I refer them to the living proofs.

Varsity Verse.

INSENSATE FEAR.

WE dread our passing with soft, childish fears;
We gasp affrighted at the angel's call,
As children shrink and cower lest there fall
The hand of chastisement that breaks the weirs
Of floods of eager, swiftly-coursing tears;
We cling to life as sailors in a squall
To mast and rigging; fling away the pall
Which death throws round us ere he disappears.

'Tis but a darkened room that frights the soul—
This spacious chamber where the bodyless lie.
We fear to enter, lest within we view—
What awesome phantoms children's dreams unroll—
Monsters and goblins, things of glaring eye,
And shapes more terrible than the fancy knew.

J. B.

IN THE HAMMOCK.

I hold her dainty hand so white,
The hammock's swaying to and fro;
And all the beauty of the night,
With its harvest-moon, that's not *too* bright,
Does not compare with Anna fair,
So sweet she looks in her gown of white,
While the hammock's swaying to and fro.

And here I'd like to ever stay,
In this hammock swaying to and fro;
To stay for ever and a day,
With Anna by my side alway.
But from upper floors her father roars:
"What time's that young man going, pray?"
And I take my hat and softly go,
While the hammock's swaying to and fro.

F. W. O'M.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

There are points of similarity
Between a good stiff breeze,
That travels for the rarity
Over the balmy seas,
And a poker player with decent hand
In a quiet game of draw,
Provided he has also sand
And plenty in his craw.
The breeze is sure to raise the sea
As it pursues its ways,
And the poker player, seems to me,
Is sure to see the raise.

C. M. B. B.

A POOR POET'S PLAINT.

"In after days"
All may be well
And then my lays,
"In after days"
May reap some praise.
Ah! who can tell?
"In after days"
All may be well.

J. A. McN.

Gossip.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

Men usually consider gossip as something belonging to an old ladies' sewing society; they think it is harmless talk concerning styles of dress, or perhaps a little comment on the latest tea party. Would that this were true! If grandmothers and old aunts were the only gossipers, and if their gentle satire went no farther than to touch upon local customs, this would, indeed, be a different world. Charity would exist in a more perfected form, and we would not be tempted to agree with the psalmist in saying that all men are liars. Instead of resting on its present crumbling foundation, modern society would then be firmly imbedded in solid rock. Many ties now broken would still be held sacred; many a ruined man would still be prosperous, and many wrecked lives would be saved.

It is a sad truth, however, that gossip can not be confined to so small a circle. It is as universal as speech itself. It branches into as many directions as the veins of a reticulate leaf, and it finds a breeding-place in the fashionable drawing-room as well as in the humble cottage, in the cloister as well as on the street. There is no one class of people to which gossip can be said to belong, and its range of subjects is far from being limited to fashions or customs. Habitual gossipers talk about anything regardless whether it be private or public, moral or immoral in its nature. They are as restless as the ancient Gorgons who watched all the time except while they were changing the eyes from one head to the other.

Gossip is, in a way, essential to the welfare of society. The trouble lies in this that, like many other things, it is very much abused. Language, which is one of the greatest gifts man possesses, he often uses to work out his own destruction. Hence we may perhaps divide gossip into two broad classes. To the first of these classes we refer all idle talk which is engaged in merely for pastime; talk which has no meaning except just at the time when it is spoken, and talk which tends to injure no one. To the second class belong all conversations which have for their end the satisfaction of mere curiosity, or the exposure of some little fault which were better kept secret. In fewer words we may say that there is a good and a bad gossip.

Man is by nature a social being, hence every person desires, once in a while at least, a good, jovial chat. Just as we refresh our bodies by physical exercise, so we must find some recreation for our minds and souls. This we can not always do by reading or listening to music, but we must look for it in the company of others. Henry Elliot, one of Miss Austin's characters in *Persuasion*, says: "The best company is the company of clever, well-informed people, who have a great deal of conversation." In this definition we notice two things—first, the people must be well-informed, and second they must have a great deal of conversation. Good companions, then, are those to whom we can occasionally look for a bit of instruction, and whose talk is at times light and wholesome enough to amuse us. We can not be always preaching or laying down abstract theories, nor can we be always talking in a dry, matter-of-fact way. A little humor must be now and then introduced into our conversation to make it agreeable. Imagine a picnic party of men and women who talked nothing but sun, moon and stars in a manner as sober and dignified as that of Socrates when he was giving a discourse on morals. Light chat must be brought in, and, as a rule, the more trivial it is the more it pleases. I have often spent whole afternoons conversing with people in what seemed to me to be a very pleasant way, and when evening came, I found that we had talked of nothing in particular, but wandered from one subject to another; or rather, had no subject at all. When we desire to master a subject we should do it at the proper time and not intrude upon our friends. Our guests or hosts, as the case may be, will not expect us to entertain them by reading a volume of our poems, as the early Latin writers did to their friends. They expect us to chat or gossip; if they find us unable to do this properly they may be duly grateful to us for keeping silent.

To be capable of using good judgment in gossiping is to be a good conversationalist. To mingle serious and humorous conversation in an agreeable manner is an art which few persons possess. Those men, however, who are fortunate enough to be so favored never lack friends; for while the pleasures of literature and music are above the appreciation of some, all men can enjoy a cheery conversation. This is as far as the first class goes.

We need not say much about the second kind of gossip. It is in a way, harmful, and, unhappily, it is too widespread. We hear it every day from old and young. So long as

some people can find anything to talk about it matters very little to them whether it be good or bad. Unfortunately it is too often the case that they find a subject in the caprices of their fellowmen. There are a thousand little faults appearing in daily life which afford them endless topics for conversation. Each one has his own story to tell, and very often in the course of the telling, the truth of his account is badly distorted. It often happens, too, that this kind of gossip leads to slander, and much injury is done to persons by the telling of their faults.

In this respect our newspapers commit the gravest offences. Reporters, anxious to fill up their space, are in no way choice about their subjects. Every crime and every horror is written up in the most glaring style, and offered to those whose weak-mindedness leads them to read such matter. Each day's copy makes known all scandals and disgraces, such as common decency would prompt us to keep secret. Political men are assailed in a most shameful way; the most disreputable things are said against them to ruin them in the eyes of the voting public. We need not dig into the mires of the New Journalism for this, for we can find it in any large daily paper.

In gossiping more than anywhere else human nature exhibits itself in its true garb. There is not the ideal, the something inspired, that we seek for in the works of great men. There is simply the ordinary mortal with all his shortcomings. Any little fault which he observes in his neighbor's conduct he is ever ready to prate about. His jealous nature will, however, prompt him to overlook, or at least to keep silent about, any good act which this same neighbor may perform. In his eagerness to feel and make his own good qualities known, he often holds charity a stranger. If we find that we can not gossip without going into abuse or slander, there is only one thing for us to do, and that is to quit gossiping altogether, even though, as Tennyson says, we must deny our hearts our dearest wish.

In talking it will be well for us to remember what Quintilian said in his treatise on oratory, that, if the faculty of speech be turned to a bad use, there is nothing more detrimental to the welfare of the state or the private citizen. Nature herself would not be a parent if she had given us this faculty as a means of accomplishing crimes and working against innocence and truth. For it would be far better to be born dumb and without reason than to turn to our common ruin the gifts of Providence.

Magazine Notes.

—*The American Catholic Quarterly Review* opens with a notice of the life and labors of the modern apostle of Africa and anti-slavery, Cardinal Lavigerie. In influence over the men of his time and energy that never flagged, Lavigerie of the nineteenth century bore a close resemblance to St. Wilfred, the English apostle of the eleventh century. Both had souls that soared to heights which attract the eyes of the multitude as well as the fury of the thunder-storm.

Father Frederick Baraga's work among the Chippewa and Ottawa Indians receives, from a literary point of view, the praise it merits. This wonderfully gifted man could, already in early life, speak six languages fluently. After reconstructing his native Slavonic tongue, and redeeming it from the hybrid, degenerate condition into which it had fallen, he set out for America, where his zeal and facility in acquiring languages soon made him the greatest authority in Indian philological work.

Dr. Parsons gives an interesting and erudite glimpse of the reign of St. Louis of France. The writer is happy in the selection of a period which has been aptly called the keystone of the arch of French history. For it was in the reign of St. Louis that the better lineaments of French society were drawn; and it was in the person of that glory of the French monarchy that the world beheld an incarnation of all that was most honorable, most redolent of justice; in fine, most Christian, in the royalty of the Middle Ages.

In "Aspects of Pessimism," Father James Kendall, S. J., traces the lugubrious note of the nations from the time of the ancient Greeks down to Schopenhauer and the present day. To take a gloomy view of life and its surroundings—a view so very attractive to most men—is a much easier thing than to acquire a truer, healthier and more hopeful estimation. Hence it is that many thinkers—among whom are some of note—have, from a want of deep and true perception, been led astray in their estimate of life. Father Kendall examines the claims of these thinkers to a hearing, and points out the fundamental errors of their theories. Then he considers the charge of particular pessimism against the Church, by which Catholics are accused of so far building up their hopes in the world to come as to undervalue and neglect the duties of their life in the present.

Father Hall, S. J., had a very abstract and uninviting theme to handle in his essay on Hypothetics, but he has handled it with as much clearness, interest and convincing result as could well be expected. Without hypothesis the possession of intellect would be useless; as man would scarcely ever conceive ideas other than those forced upon him by experience. With it amelioration almost in every line is possible. Hypothesis anticipates the unknown and desirable, and is therefore the preceptor, the go-cart and leading strings of discovery.

The principle of authority in matters of religion as it concerns Protestants is discussed in the next article. This principle is twofold, parental and priestly. Faith among Protestants is, in their early years, hereditary, deriving as it does from the father or mother who instills the first principles into the mind of the child. These principles in after-life remain unaltered until the recipient falls under a teacher whose teachings differ from the first impressions. In this hereditariness lies the strength as well as the weakness of Protestantism.

Father Tyrrell, S. J., advocates a more generous and wider practical sympathy with the social problem as manifested in the poverty of the millions. The clergy especially must bestir themselves and take a prominent part in a work that clearly lies within their province.

In the "Protest of Common-Sense" against the nonsensical attacks of materialism on religion, it is demonstrated how the fundamental truths of religion, being such universal and oft-repeated experience of the human mind, the attacks of the dominant agnostic philosophy of the day, which insists on testing all things by the indubitable facts of recorded experience, are utterly absurd. The writer concedes that agnostics and atheists may sincerely believe what they indoctrinate, but that their beliefs are unquestionably the results of their inclinations and wishes rather than of their unbiased intellectual research. A very strong indictment this, and one which the author would have done well to take some time to substantiate.

Father Rockwell, S. J., ends the number by some remarks on the symbolism or hidden meaning of Scriptural numbers. He brings forward the fancies of the Fathers who were doubtless under the influence of Neo-Platonism, and thinks their opinions will be strengthened by the evidence of science, which has shown the marvellous numerical relations existing in natural phenomena.

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—The Lenten conferences, which were so successful last year, were auspiciously resumed last Wednesday evening in the Church of the Sacred Heart. The Rev. Prefect of Religion opened the course of sermons, which will be continued every Wednesday evening throughout Lent. He took for his text, "The Lord thy God shalt thou adore and Him only shalt thou serve." The audience, young and old, were remarkably attentive to his words.

—Next Wednesday, the feast of St. Patrick, will be appropriately celebrated here. At eight o'clock Solemn High Mass will be sung. In the afternoon, the Columbians, the traditional wearers of the *cothurni* on that day, will present a play, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," which promises to be interesting. One of their number will also deliver an address, so that St. Patrick's Day will be very well observed. On Friday, St. Joseph's Day, Solemn High Mass will be sung at eight o'clock.

—In a collection of old photographs of local subjects, which Professor Edwards is now making, there are several scenes which are of the greatest interest to men who study the past

of Notre Dame. One photograph in particular shows the progress which the bicycle has made in America. The picture referred to is that of a velocipede, which the lamented Father Sorin sent over to Notre Dame from the Paris Exposition in '66. It was the first "wheel" ever used at Notre Dame and one of the very few that had up to that time been seen in America. Unfortunately this old vehicle was long ago destroyed. In the same collection there is another photograph which is of no less interest. It shows a company of young fellows bearing muskets—wooden ones they happened to be. They were at "Present Arms!" and before the camera they looked bold and resolute. They were members of a military organization, not altogether for the sake of courtesy called the Loyal Juniors, which existed in Carroll Hall in '77 under the direction of Brother Leander, who had braved the dangers of war in the strife between the North and the South.

—At last the expectations of the Biological students are realized, and the large museum of natural history in Science Hall has received a very important addition. Last Monday several large boxes with padded corners were unloaded in front of Science Hall, and on that and the following day the work of unpacking and arranging the articles was assiduously engaged in. As a result there are now added to the zoölogical collection in the museum upward of four hundred specimens of invertebrates and about fifty beautiful vertebrate skeletons. The invertebrates include several beautiful specimens of protozoans, sponges, hydroids, starfishes, worms, mollusks and crabs. They are neatly mounted and well displayed in glass cases. The vertebrates consist of various species from the lamprey to the tiger. They are extremely interesting even to a beginner in zoölogy, but to those who are already advanced in the study of comparative anatomy they are doubly so.

Mr. Henry L. Ward, of Ward's Natural Science Establishment, Rochester, N. Y., where the collection was made, came to Notre Dame to superintend the unpacking and arrangement of the skeletons. In the course of a short interview he stated that the interest which colleges, academies and even high-schools are taking in the natural sciences augurs well for American scholarship in this line. He says that the firm to which he belongs are often called on to fill very expensive orders, which a few years ago would be considered highly extravagant.

The Ideal Student.

That there is no royal road to success, is the testimony of nearly all men who have attained to eminence in any profession. A glance at the biographies of Madison, Webster, Milton, Gray, Faraday and Pasteur will show that these men all labored incessantly through a long period of years. Discoveries in science, or literary productions which will live for all time, have not been the result of brilliant flashes of the imagination, but were the outcome of regular and persistent application.

Upon the assiduity of the student during his few years at college depends, in a great measure, his future success. Here he should lay deep the foundation on which to build when he enters upon the active duties of life. Whether he maps out for himself the vocation of priest, physician, lawyer or politician, the same rule will hold; he should develop all his faculties, that he may be able to grapple with every obstacle which presents itself. Then should his tastes lead him to devote his time and talents to a specialty, he will bring to his aid a store of wide and varied information.

Benjamin Franklin said: "Strive to be the greatest man in your country, and you may be disappointed; strive to be the best and you may succeed." The advice of "Poor Richard" should be heeded by everyone. "If the aim of the student is exalted, he may not reach his ideal, yet he is likely to attain to a high degree of excellence."

Cardinal Newman writes: "Knowledge is valuable for what its very presence in us does for us after the manner of a habit, even though it be turned to no further account, nor subserve any direct end." The knowledge of which this master-mind speaks is not contained in a strong chest, which can be unlocked by a golden key, nor is it within the gift of princes or kings; it can be obtained only by the long and tiresome efforts of the patient worker.

Desirable as knowledge may be, however eagerly it be sought, he who strives after it should keep before himself a high standard. He should labor for the sake of knowledge itself and the good which it will enable him to accomplish, not that by its use he may promote some selfish ends. The advancement of higher culture in those around him, of purer and more intellectual thought, of grander purpose,—this is the final object of study.

W. C. McD.

In the Botany Class.

We are studying botany now, not from the tiny buttercups or the tall oak trees; our knowledge is acquired from the leaves of books, amid the smell of chemicals, in a class-room in Science Hall. It is where physiology lectures are given. The lecture-stand is covered with anatomical casts, while a grinning skeleton occupies a prominent position to one side.

The text-book is literal—very literal. Its pages are filled with diagrams of cells greatly magnified, and the more minute the particle, the greater is the name thereof. Familiar flowers bend their heads under the weight of enormous appellations. The unobtrusive violet is torn from its retreat, pulled to pieces, and from internal evidence is accused of being affiliated with the Angiospermæ, even of the family Asphanocylæ. Nor is the last rose of summer safe from the predaceous hands of the botanist, who eagerly tears apart the petals, and tries to read their meaning, as one would mutilate a book that he might the better understand its contents.

The skeleton looks on as if he enjoyed our discomfiture at seeing the beauties of nature destroyed; and the interrogated student, looking vainly about for inspiration, thinks that the derisive grin deepens at his perplexity. There is a class-room opposite, across the courtyard, wherein are mysterious-looking instruments and cases full of strange objects, which I half believe are devoted to the black art; for one morning when the sun shone into one apartment, I could see within the opposite room a *ghost* of our skeleton hanging beside the desk. And thus we study botany, while the pine takes on a deeper tinge and the gaunt boughs of the oak whine their mournful lament in March's rude blasts over the grave of their fallen leaves. We find it an interesting task, for we learn thereby the greatness of God.

J. J. D.

A Triolet.

The mote that in the sunbeam dances
The sunlight not obscures.
Why, then, these cruel, scornful glances?
The mote that in the sunbeam dances
The sunbeam's splendor but enhances;
True love all grief endures.
The mote that in the sunbeam dances
The sunlight not obscures.

B. R. P.

A Communication.

Last week a gentleman who signs himself Sans Gêne in the SCHOLASTIC erupted to the extent of half a column of invective against speech-making. He may be honest in his views, or it may be the memory of a bad half hour spent in listening to some of the efforts against which he rails, which prompted him; but in either case he goes too far, and takes a stand which has not the proper college spirit. Leaving aside the fact that such things are a necessary adjunct of college life, and could under no circumstances be dispensed with, the value of the experience and ability to be at ease, which is acquired by talking to an audience, must be taken into consideration. It is for the purpose of self-improvement that a man comes to college, and if he does not acquire the inestimable advantage of knowing how to talk publicly during his undergraduate days, where will he do so? Is it not better to gain this experience in the midst of fellow-students, who should be tolerant of any amateurishness, than to stumble with the rawness of inexperience before the outside world, which expects much of college men and is not always inclined to be lenient to their faults? It is for such things as these that a man goes to college. It is with Sans Gêne himself, no doubt, a case of sour grapes,—I would not go so far as to say jealousy—and moreover, who has delegated to him the right to pose as an oracle? He indulges himself plentifully in the luxury of diatribes against accepted usages and customs in a way which evidences the dangerous tendency of the age to advance too rapidly. The old things, after all, are the best, and *fin de siècle* methods are often but the prelude to catastrophe. Sans Gêne, the oracle, seems to have overstepped himself, which is, no doubt, a not uncommon occurrence with genius; but unhappily for the comparison, Sans Gêne's *genius* approaches close to stupidity.

TOUCHSTONE.

Baseball.

Dame Nature has smiled for the past few days, and the candidates for the '97 Varsity have taken advantage of her graciousness by appearing for the first time on the diamond which is to be the scene of future victories. Some of the men are still a little stiff on account of the change, for there is a big differ-

ence between work in the gymnasium and work in the field. However, the stiffness will pass away in a few days, and each man will be able to show just what he can do. Thus far, the men have been practising for the team in general. Now that they are on the field they will be developed for the different positions, and each man's particular capabilities will be studied before the team is chosen. Whoever the men may be who are chosen for the Varsity, there will be enough good material left to assure us a second team which will be able to give the Varsity some hard practice games. It will be two or three weeks before the make-up of the Varsity can be predicted, and there are so many candidates for the team that every man will have to work hard to hold his place after it has once been given to him. Now that the team is on the field the skylight is nearing completion. The team of next year can use it anyway, so that is one consolation.

Daly played in the outfield last year, but his play at short-stop in practice has so much snap and ginger in it that he may play an infield position during the coming season. He is a quick player and a sure thrower—two qualities needed by an infield man; and, besides, he has demonstrated his ability to handle nearly every ball that comes his way, and that, combined with his other qualities, makes him a valuable man. As a fielder Fleming is even better than as a pitcher, and his average in the competitions has been high. McDonald has the making of a good player, and should develop into a strong first baseman. Of Powers nothing but praise can be spoken. He is one of the few who are certain of making the team. He is a hard worker, and is as faithful in practice as if his position was in danger. Gibson and Powers will be fully as strong a team as were McGinnis and Stack in former years, and we think that in many respects they are even stronger. The sub-pitchers and catchers are keeping hard at work, and the team will not go entirely to pieces if an accident should happen to either Gibson or Powers.

The schedule has not been settled for certain as yet, but games with some of the strongest college teams in the West have already been arranged, and the manager is corresponding with several more, and a good schedule is assured us. Notre Dame has always held her own, with the visiting teams of former years; but this year we expect to more than hold our own, and to be victorious in the great majority of the games we shall play.

Exchanges.

The Integral for February contains a description of the Princeton baseball gun, with quotations from a lecture delivered by its inventor. The article is of interest to all lovers of baseball, and also to students of science or of mechanics.

The February *Xavier* has a number of thoughtful articles between its tasty covers. These articles are written in good style and in a manner which shows that each author is well acquainted with his subject, and knows how to treat it. The editorials in the *Xavier* are usually on appropriate subjects, and are sensibly written.

The ex.-editor of *St. John's University Record* gives a sensible talk to his brother ex.-editors in the February number of the *Record*. We think that there is a great deal of truth in what he says about the justice with which the majority of exchange editors perform the duties of their office. His remarks about the frequent abusive articles which some ex.-editors seem to feel themselves called upon to make in answer to criticism of other ex.-men should be taken to heart by the offenders. The trouble is that the very ones who most offend in this regard are those who never will take advice, even if they realize that it is given for the best interests of themselves and their papers.

While baseball teams are preparing for the spring season, and track teams are getting into condition, the college orator is attracting much attention to himself. A great many of our exchanges contain detailed reports of intercollegiate oratorical contests, and some are rejoicing over victory and others are finding excuses for defeat. It is eminently proper that the orators of different colleges should compete with one another. An oration tests the intellectual powers of a man to their utmost. It is an indication of the strength or the weakness of the thinking faculties. The victory of the platform should redound more to the credit of an educational institution than does the victory of the gridiron, track, or diamond. We are glad to see that intercollegiate debates are becoming more and more general. We regret, however, that more of our Catholic colleges are not taking part in them.

Personals.

—It is with deep sorrow that we chronicle the death of Harmon Lane, who was buried in South Bend on Monday last. Mr. Lane was one of the first students of Notre Dame, and had been a life-long friend of the institution. His life has been a long and useful one, and he leaves behind him many friends who mourn his loss. The SCHOLASTIC extends its sympathy to his mourning relatives.

—During the past week Marcellus L. Joslyn, B.S. '93, generously responded to the call sent out by the Athletic Association to the alumni. Mr. Joslyn is at present studying law at Harvard, but still has a warm place in his heart for Notre Dame. He has been most successful in his work at Harvard, having received an average of A for his work last year, that being the highest honor which the Law School can give. This year he is on the way to receive the same average. He has entered into partnership with his brother, and at the end of the present school year will enter upon the practice of law in Chicago. Mr. Joslyn has our best wishes for success both at the university and in practice.

—The following story, which appeared in last Sunday's *Chicago Chronicle* is too good to keep. It concerns the Hon. Wm. P. Breen, who needs no introduction to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC. Mr. W. A. Pinkerton, another "old boy," also figures in it:

Occasionally W. P. Breen, one of the prominent lawyers of Fort Wayne, Ind., comes to Chicago on legal business for others. The last time he was here he came very near having legal business on his own account. In travelling between here and the Indiana town he usually wears a crush hat on the train, and carries another hat for street wear. He forgot to take off his travelling head-gear when the train arrived here, and started off wearing the little hat and carrying the other in a valise. He met an old acquaintance, and they stepped in to get cigars. As they passed a mirror Breen looked into it and discovered that he was wearing his crush hat. Thereupon he opened his valise and changed hats. He tried to do it without attracting notice, but a pair of eagle eyes that never sleep saw the incriminating performance.

"You are my prisoner," a voice hissed into his ear as he started out.

"What do you mean?" said the astonished lawyer.

"Come over to the office and see. You thought you'd fool me, did you, by changing hats?"

Circumstances were against Breen, so he submitted. He was led over to Fifth avenue and shoved into an elevator and then shot up to the top floor.

"Where are you taking me?" Breen demanded.

"You'll see," said his captor, giving him a gentle push into a room where a large man sat at a big desk.

"Hello, Billy, what are you doing here?" said the large man when his eyes fell on Breen.

"I'm one of your prisoners, Billy," said Breen, dropping his valise and grasping the hand that had grasped the collar of so many law breakers. The large man was W. A. Pinkerton. He was a member of the same class with Breen at Notre Dame University back in the 70's. Breen started to explain, but the operative who made the arrest fled. That afternoon a general order was issued to the Pinkerton force to let Breen change hats as often as he wants to without arrest.

Local Items.

—The Orpheus Club is at work upon a new chorus.

—Lost.—A gray cap, No. 291. Please return to S. J. Sullivan, Carroll Hall.

—Additional lightning rods were placed on the main building during the past week.

—Fat excuses his climbing along the ridge of the tin shop by stating that he did not want to be an "eavesdropper."

—C. L. Murphy, of Evansville, Ind., a student of '92, has returned to pursue his studies. He is a resident of Brownson Hall.

—The candidates for the Varsity nine were out on the field Wednesday and Thursday; but the cold weather of Friday drove them again to the gym.

—"Wag" has joined the Band. The military companies will miss his bugle calls, especially the welcome one of "break ranks," but their loss is the Band's gain.

—Choir practice is now held twice a week regularly on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, and the Easter music promises to be up to the usual high standard.

—It may be only a coincidence, but Heller's sign, "Hair Mattresses for Sale," appeared in the window a suspiciously short time after Casey parted with his mustache.

—The Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, will be here some time towards the end of the month to play against our Varsity basket-ball team. The Centrals have never lost a game.

—NOTICE.—The students of Brownson Hall will confer a favor by securing their stationery, etc., on days other than Thursday. The office will be open at 9.30 a. m. on that day for members of Carroll Hall only.

—A number of students took advantage of the fine weather last Sunday, and pushed out in the direction of the neighboring village. Some of them are pushing yet:

—Lost.—Walker's text-book of Political Economy and a note-book containing memoranda of the ancient Greek and Roman authors. Kindly return same to James Barry, Sorin Hall.

—Contrary to custom, the Philosophy and Logic classes had no formal celebration of their feast-day which occurred this week. Classes were adjourned, however, and several parties of students waded through the mud to sample the *cuisine* of Hotel d' Haney.

—Father Regan spoke to the members of the Fire Department last Sunday evening, complimenting them on the efficiency which they have attained in the line of their duties, and promising a number of improvements which will conduce to their convenience and comfort.

—The Rhetoric class is now studying narra-

tion. The reporter recently examined several "blood and thunder" romances, which were submitted as duties by prominent members of the class, and entertains serious concern for the professor, who, he fears, will be disturbed in his just slumber by nightmares of "Deadwood Dick" and the "Wild Man of Borneo."

—Simultaneously with the appearance of the first robin the Chief Rooter parted with the sandy growth which adorned his upper lip during the winter months, and he is now busy concocting new yells and polishing up the old ones. Requisition has been made upon the tin shop for a large supply of pans and buckets, and it is certain that the advent of the regular baseball season will find the rooters well prepared.

—Tickets have been issued for admission to the Columbians' entertainment next Wednesday. Persons not having tickets will not be admitted to the hall. If any of the students have invited, upon their own responsibility, any of their friends, they will do well to secure tickets at once. Tickets will be issued for every public entertainment hereafter, in order that those who are invited may be sure of seats.

—Detachments of ball tossers from the Law class have occasionally made their appearance in the gym during the past few weeks. They are the nuclei of the Law team which will be organized in the near future. The management has a number of games scheduled which will be played in these columns, after which the team will don their uniforms and pose before the camera. We hope the Lawyers will maintain the unsullied reputation they established for themselves on the gridiron last fall.

—[We print the following joke by request. As it has seen the light of day three times before—originally in the comedies of Aristophanes, later in Plautus, and still later in London *Punch*—we can not claim it as our own. We believe, however, that one can not get too much of a good thing. ED.]

PROFESSOR.—"Late again. You'll have to get to class on time, Mr. Powers."

MICHAEL.—"Couldn't help it, Professor. Some one hid my alarm-clock under my bed, and I slept over time."

—The first baseball contest at Notre Dame this season took place Thursday morning between the Brownson Hall Hardly Ables and the Junior Specials, the former carrying off the honors with a score of 10 to 3. The following is the order of the play: Hardly Ables—Wade, 1. b.; Conway, c.; Falvey, c. f.; Fadeley, p.; Herman, ss.; Donovan, 3 b.; Flannigan, r. f.; Gerardi, 2 b.; Fitzgerald, l. f. Specials, Herron, 1. b.; Kuntz, c.; Murray, c. f.; Mulcare, p.; John Fennessey, ss.; Druiding, 3 b.; Armijo, r. f.; Naughton, 2 b.; Cornell, l. f.

—A large collection of vertebrates and invertebrates, from Ward's Natural Science Establishment of Rochester, N. Y., was added to the collection in Science Hall during the past

week. The consignment consists of specimens of birds, fishes, snakes, minerals and various woods, together with a number of mounted skeletons of the larger birds and animals. Among these may be found specimens of the India Tiger, Harbor seal, porpoise, Virginia deer, giant kangaroo, ostrich, alligator, green turtle and the mounted skull of an India elephant. The new specimens have added greatly to the appearance of the museum. They are to be used in the study of comparative anatomy.

—The beautiful spring weather of the past few days has infused new life into every student. The Brownson reading-room, with its radiators and steam-pipes, so long the haven of the shivering student, has been cruelly forsaken. The gym, too, since the Varsity candidates have taken to the diamond, is as devoid of interest as a geometrical problem and students entering the building, forgetfully, dodge about to avoid the flying spheres, as of old. Thoughts of the pleasures of vacation have already entered the minds of many students, while others are contemplating sundry jaunts, via Skiverina. It is said that a feeling of blithesomeness is so universally prevalent that even sedate Guilfoyle has fallen a victim. Another student felt so good over the approach of spring that he forthwith purchased a package of Duke's Mixture. And still there are others just as foolishly extravagant, and all because a little balmy atmosphere came our way.

—There is a time for sleeping and a time for waking. This is for all animals alike. For dogs there is a time for barking and a time for not barking. This refers to all dogs without any exception of poodles or mastiffs. In spite of this rule dogs take it upon themselves to bark whenever the fancy rules them. At night they bark louder and longer than in the day time. Their barks at night contain several component parts. There is a very large percentage of bell-sound in a dog's voice at night. This is the part which so affects the inmates of Sorin Hall, especially those who inhabit the south end. The other parts are, in order of precedence, whining-sound, "skiver"-sound, tramp-sound and dream-sound, but all these are unimportant when compared with the bell-sound. This element is especially noticeable when the moon shines, when it is technically called a bay-sound, since dogs are said to bay the moon. It is this sound which wakes the sleepers in Sorin Hall and calls them down to prayer four steps at a time and shy a collar and sometimes more. A few more repetitions of this false alarm and the night watchman will be minus a dog.

—The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, Patron of Philosophers, fell on Sunday, the 7th, this year, and it was fittingly celebrated the following day by the class of Philosophy. In former years the students of this class have always been content with a modest banquet in the

college refectory, but the class of '97, made up as it is of original and enterprising young men, resolved to enlarge upon the general order of things, so to speak. Three in the afternoon found the whole class, "in cap and gown bedight," seated at the tables in the south dining-room of Hotel d' Haney, waiting with hungry looks for the festivities to begin,—most of them had eaten nothing since breakfast so as to do justice to the "spread." The beautiful banquet hall was prettily decorated for the occasion, with the Gold and Blue fluttering from every point and winding gracefully round the supporting columns at each of the four corners of the hall. The tables were arranged so as to form three sides of a square, and the enclosed space was filled with potted plants, leaving just room enough for waiters to walk about easily and no more. And what a "spread" it was! First there was,—but here is the

MENU:
Blue Points.
Puree of Tomatoes.
Salmon a la d' Haney.
Queen Olives. Celery.
Turkey. Oyster Dressing. Cranberry Sauce.
Browned Sweet Potatoes.
French Peas.
Mashed Potatoes.
Claret Ice.
Tongue. Ham.
Fruits assortées. Ice-cream.
Nuts.
Edam. Roquefort.
Coffee.

After the tables had been cleared and the cigars lighted, Mr. T. Tyrone Cavanagh, who acted as toast-master, made a happy speech which caused everyone to wear the prettiest of smiles, and then he announced that the Chauncey Depew of Notre Dame, Mr. C. M. B. Bryan, would talk about "Any Old Thing." The toast, which was very well done, was followed by one by Mr. Thomas Burke Reilly on "The Cuban Unpleasantness." Then Mr. Edward E. Brennan responded to the toast, "The National Game," after which he led in singing a new edition of "Tommy Atkins," and the festivities came to a close. As the party returned to the University in their carriages they voted with one accord the banquet the most enjoyable event of the season.

—Thursday evening our friend John raised the cover of his desk (John frequently raises the cover of his desk). He also raises many other things, such as potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables down on his farm. Sometimes he raises the "price." But in this instance, John merely raised the cover of his desk. He was greatly surprised and equally terrified when he discovered a little mouse running about among his returned MSS. and French translations. When the little creature saw the expression on John's economical face, he, too, became frightened and ran about as Martin does down in the gym. John quickly slammed

the cover down. The noise of the falling lid sidetracked Joseph's train of thoughts, causing that gentleman to frown like a Boomeranger. A deathly pallor ran across John's countenance and fell in a heap under his big, blue eyes. His head stood up with the suddenness of a church congregation after the preacher has announced the omission of the customary sermon, and his slender form, in its trembling condition looked like a tight cord after being suddenly snapped. In the meantime, Montana Bill secured a lasso; roughly thrust open the desk and, swinging the rope wildly above his head, landed on the mouse—jerked the trembling creature from its hiding-place (as snorers are jerked from their cot o' nights), and whipping out an ugly dirk, plunged it into the heaving bosom of our little friend, the mouse. On account of this display of heroism, Bill has received numerous proposals of marriage, but he has spurned them all.

List of Excellence.

Christian Doctrine—Masters T. Butler, P. Dougherty, W. Lovell, Frost, Eryin, Hart, R. Ryan, L. McBride, G. McCarthy, E. Manion, W. McMahon; *Arithmetic*—Masters Atkinson, Steele, Garrity, H. McConnell, Allyn, Cotter, Beardslee, E. McCarthy, Kasper, G. Weidman, A. Phillips, R. Van Sant, Weber, J. McMahon, Casparis, Craig, P. Manion, P. McBride, E. Manion, Bosworth, J. Shields, E. Quertimont, W. McMahon, J. McBride, Edgerton, Hart, Kasper, Hall, Cunnea, Ebbert; *Grammar*—Masters Fetter, Lovell, F. Weidman, Welch, R. Van Sant, Coquillard, Spillard, McMaster, Atkinson, A. Phillips, C. Bode, Hubbard, Dougherty, F. Phillip, Bosworth, L. McBride, Wigg, Abercrombie, Abrahams, L. Van Sant, Kelly, Cunnea, P. McBride, Lawton, J. Van Dyke, G. McCarthy, Reynolds, Davis, Blanchfield, Paul, F. Van Dyke, Weber, Cressy, Hall, Edgerton, J. McMahon; *Geography*—Masters E. McCarthy, Allyn, McConnell, C. Bode, Atkinson, Freeman, Spillard, S. Strauss, Cotter, A. Phillips, R. Van Sant, Fetter, Steele, Kasper, Dougherty, Edgerton, W. Frost, Rees, Wilde, G. Strong, Hart, J. McMahon, Griffith, L. McBride, E. Quertimont; *Reading*—Masters L. Garrity, L. Hubbard, Fetter, J. Van Dyke, Coquillard, G. Weidman, Jonquet, Lovell, A. Phillips, C. Bode, Steele, Kasper, H. Craig, Abercrombie, Frost, Dorian, Weber, Hall, Rees, L. Van Sant, Hart, E. Manion, J. McMahon, Casparis, Griffith, Bosworth, G. Cowie, E. Quertimont, R. Leclerque, E. McGeeney; *Orthography*—Masters Steele, McMaster, Freeman, Cotter, Beardslee, F. Weidman, Garrity, A. Phillips, Spillard, Atkinson, F. Van Dyke, Welch, Kasper, Hubbard, Kelly, R. Van Sant, McConnell, Tillotson, L. McBride, Wilde, Ryan, G. McCarthy, Hart, Abercrombie, E. McGeeney, E. Manion, Redpath, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, Griffith, E. Quertimont, Bosworth; *Pennmanship*—Masters Welch, McConnell, Cotter, G. Quertimont; *U. S. History*—Masters Freeman, Spillard, Cotter, Atkinson, Allyn, Jonquet, Beardslee, Strauss, Welch, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, E. McCarthy, Davis, Kelly, Fetter, Coquillard, Hubbard, Allyn, Kasper, Garrity, Steele, McMaster, Freeman, McConnell, C. Bode, A. Phillips; *Music*—Masters McConnell, Strauss, Lawton, L. McBride, J. McMahon, Ebbert, G. Davis, Tillotson, Ervin, C. Bode, Steele, Cotter, Freeman, Garrity, Kasper, Spillard, Coquillard, Lovell; *Vocal Music*—Masters Spillard, Cotter, Atkinson, J. McBride, L. McBride, Weidman, Hubbard, Hall, C. Bode, J. McMahon, Blanchfield, Bosworth, Reynolds, Kasper, F. Weidman, Leclerque, Abercrombie, A. Phillips, Lovell, E. Quertimont, Strauss.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Brennan, Bennett, Bryan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Costello, Confer, Delaney, Geoghegan, Golden, Kegler, Murphy, Miller, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, O'Hara, Palmer, Pulskamp, Reardon, Rosenthal, Reilly, Sullivan, Sanders, Steiner, Spalding.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Brucker, Bouwens, Baloun, Bommersbach, Bennett, Crawford, T. Cavanaugh, Campbell, Cypher, Crowley, Conway, Collins, A. Casey, J. Cavanaugh, J. Casey, Dreher, Duperier, Dowd, Duffy, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Dixon, Ellison, Fetherstone, Fox, Follen, Fehr, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Guilfoyle, Guerra, Hoban, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, Hanhouser, E. Hake, L. Hake, Haley, J. Hesse, Hessel, Hay, Hartung, Hindel, Hurst, Henry, Jelonak, Johnson, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Koehler, Kuhl, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, Lichtenwalter, Meagher, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Meyers, Monarch, Massey, Martin, Miller, T. Monahan, McCarrick, McCormack, McMillan, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Nizer, Nye, F. O'Shaughnessey, O'Hara, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Powell, Pim, Quinn, Quandt, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Smoger, Stuhlsauth, Shillington, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Scheubert, Sockalexis, Thiele, Tomlinson, Tuohy, Toba, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Welker, Wieczorek, Wimberg, Williams, Wynne, E. Zaehnle, O. Zaehnle.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Alexander, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Brand, Cornell, T. Condon, Corby, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessey, Foley, Fox, A. Fish, L. Fish, Funk, Frank, Friedman, Fleming, Gimbel, Garrity, Hoban, Houck, Herron, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Herbert, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, J. Murray, R. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, Merz, Michels, McCallen, McCarthy, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, McDonald, T. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Nast, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Page, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheeky, J. Sheeky, Shea, Shiels, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Szybowicz, Swiney, Schwabe, J. Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, J. Ward, H. St. Clair Ward, F. Ward, Walsh, Watterson, Wells, Wilson, Wuite, Weadock, D. Naughton.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Arnold, Atkinson, Beardslee, C. Bode, F. Bode, Bosworth, Butler, Burton, Blanchfield, Casparis, Cotter, Cowie, Coquillard, Cressy, Cunnea, Craig, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dougherty, Dessauer, Ebbert, Englemann, Ervin, Edgerton, Ellis, Fetter, Freeman, Frost, Frane, Griffith, Garrity, Hinsey, Hall, Hubbard, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Lawton, Lovell, Leisander, Leclerque, E. Manion, F. Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, T. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, McConnell, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, A. Phillips, F. Phillip, Paul, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Reynolds, Ryan, Redpath, Robbins, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Strong, Seymour, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, G. Weidman, F. Weidmann, Wilde, Weber, Wigg.